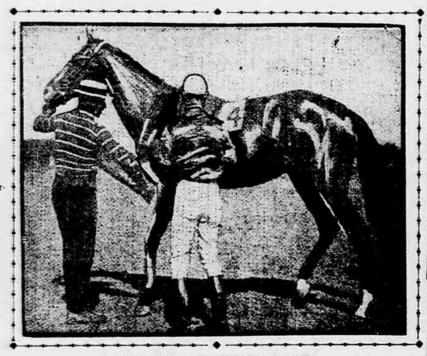
TURF COMMENT----AFTERMATH OF THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

BROOKLYN HANDIGAP A CLASSIC WITH MOST INTERESTING HISTORY.

First Won by Dry Monopole-Ha nover Beaten for It in Second Season-The Bard, Ornament, Banaster, Sir Walter, Tenny and Kinley Mack Were the Great Horses Who Won the Famous Race.



JOCKEY O'NEIL UNSADDLING WINNER. The St. Louis rider taking the saddle off Irish Lad after winning the great Handicap on Thursday last.

Doctor Rice, a cast-off from the Gideon

& Daly stable, had been specially prepared

HORNPIPE'S TURN.

Lazzarone, the Suburban winner of that

peated itself for Sir Walter was third The

following year Sir Walter was third. The following year Sir Walter came into his own, and took the measure of Clifford, for the second time a pronounced choice. St. Maxim was third. Taral rode the winner, and it was an interesting and closely contested race.

tested race.

"Pittrburg Phil" furnished the Brooklyn winner in 1897. His horse, Howard Mann, at best little more than a selling plater, did the trick, and the ring was scorched in the plunger's most approved style. Lake Shore, piloted by the crack Western jockey, Joe Scherrer, was second, and "Father Bill" Daly's old plater. Volley, third. It was one of the poorest Brooklyns, in point of class, ever run.

Again in 1895 an outsider ran off with the

The Brocklyn Handicap has provided many astonishing upsets, and while it has been won many times by truly great horses,

DOCTOR RICE'S VICTORY. It has gone in other years to despised out siders with scarcely enough class to win an

thas gone in other years to despised out siders with scarcely enough class to win an average over-night race. As a matter of fact, more than one of its winners have subsequently failed to hold their own with selling platers.

Since that memorable day when the Brooklyn first saw the light and Dry Monopole. Blue Wing and Hidalgo came to the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race has held its place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race has held its place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race has held its place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race has held its place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race has held its place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race he he held is place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race he he held is place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race he held is place in the judges in a struggle that roused the assembled thousands to the greatest enthusiasm, the race he will be placed the satirity of Navarre was played to win as never one of his age had been before. Alongo Clayton was in his saddle, and the Southern contingent went to the noble son of Kingh of Elizable hook line and sinker. A roar of surprise and indignation made the satirity of Navarre seemed to the driver as the field swept away from the post and it was seen that Clifford. A roar of surprise and indignation made the ractes due to the his day. Never has the initial time for the race been excelled but once in its later. The place has been been excelled but once in its later listory, but Reina ran in 250 last year and countries of the same no less a horse than Gold Heels, winner of the Suburban last year, and the best handicap horse in training during the season. EXILE BEAT PRINCE ROYAL.

beat August Belmont, Sr.'s, Prince Royal and the Western aspirant, Terra Cotta, George V. Hankins, prince of Chicago gamblers, owned Terra Cotta, and the entire West and South fell with him when he failed to win. Those were the golden days

of poolrooms and auction pools, and untold thousands were intrusted to Terra Cotta whenever a dollar could be wagered from Memphis to Detroit.

In 1890 the Brooklyn was again a menumental upset. The race went that year to one of the rankest counterfeits of the day, Castaway II, but he won in a thanner that presaged a great future for him, but which he signally failed to fulfill. The track was a quagmire, and a tolerable field contended. "Lucky" Baldwin's great mare Los Angeles, in the hands of the famous Pike Barnes, was the favorite, and the race on paper looked a veritable gift to the magnificent daughter of imp. Glenelg and La Polka, but she was not among the first three.

At flagfall, Castaway II rushed out to make the pace, and the further he went the more he increased his lead. Hickey Bunn, a Western jockey, had been especially imported to pilot the Walcott & Campbell horse, and while he would have been an outsider even had Garrison been up, the presence in the saddle of the obscure Bunn had something to do with the 30 to 1 quoted against him in so small a field.

CASTAWAY LIKED GOING.

CASTAWAY LIKED GOING.

The winner reveled in the slushy going and towroped his field before they had fair ly struck their stride, winning on the bit, off by himself. Badge, one of the public choices, was a good second and old Eric choices, was a good second and old Eric third. Los Angeles, the idol of California, was never of much account after the race.

The Brooklyn Handicap of 1991 was run in a rainstorm. Tenny was the favorite, as the loyal public still clung to the doughty son of imp, Rayon d'Or, despite his defeats by Salvator of the previous year. Throughout the winter there had been many reports about Tenny's condition, and the 3 to 1 against him in the handicap was attributable to the fear that he might not stand up to run his race. Barnes brought him through with a great rush after making the stretch turn, and Tenny beat Prince Royal, second once more in the same race, to a turn. That sulky but fast old rogue Tea Tray, also a son of Rayon d'Or, was third, thanks to Garrison's terrific finish.

Longstreet was hailed on all sides in 1892 as the foregone champion of the year, and seemed to hold a mortgage on the Brooklyn. The previous season he was by all odds the greatest horse in training and had won a large number of races, in one of which he easily defeated Tenny at Morrits Fark in a match.

McLAUGHLIN RODE LONGSTREET. choices, was a good second and old Eric

McLAUGHLIN RODE LONGSTREET. Jimmy McLaughlin rode Longstreet. It was one of Mclaughlin's last appearances in the saddle, if not his very last. At no stage of the betting was the Dwyer horse

stage of the betting was the Dwyer horse as good as even money. He finished absolutely last, having never been a real contender, and being pulled up when it was even he had no chance.

Judge Morrow got the money in a furlous drive with Pessara, on whom Fred Taral gave one of his most masterful exhibitions. Walcott & Campbell had backed the son of Pizzarro for a small fortune, just as they did Castaway II two years before, when they cashed but Judge Morrow was not to be denied that day. Major Covington, then so small that he had almost to be strapped on the Morris horse, rode the winner.

The Brooklyn of 1833 went to another outsider in the betting, Walcott & Campbell's good son of Eolus-Diablo, won the race with all sorts-of prices on call against him. Lamplighter, a hot favorite, was second, and Leonawell, the first good horse John E. Madden ever sold on the running turf, was third.

MARTIN LEFT WITH CLIFFORD.

MARTIN LEFT WITH CLIFFORD. The Brooklyn of the following year was a highly sensational race. It produced one of those unfortunate accidents that has left even to this day a doubt as to whether the even to this day a doubt as to whether the best horse won it. Clifford, beloved of the West, and generally accepted by the local racing hosts as the winner, was left at the post. Tens of thousands of dollars had been bet on the big son of Bramble, and he went to the fing a 6 to 5 favorite over his company. Willie Martin was on his back.

Martin had done many curious things before, and lived to do many more that would not stand the light, in his subsequent career, until finally he was put out of the riding business several years ago at faratoga by the racing officials, and has hever had on silk since, But, on the whole.

BANASTAR'S LAST RACE. The mighty and unfortunate Banastar, one of the fastest thoroughbreds ever entered in the race, won the Brooklyn the following year, well ridden by Danny Maher. He hung out the record for the race, 2:06% and it was a magnificent performance. Banastar was not of the two first choices, al astar was not of the two first choices, although his owner, former Corporation Counsel Clark, and his trainer, Matt Allen, considered the race already in, and bet liberally on the Farandole horse at remunerative odds. The obscure Lanky Bob was second, generally neglected in the calculations and betting by the public. Filigrane, who had won the Metropolitan of that year, was a strong choice, but he could not finish nearer than third.

Kinley Mack, the only horse that ever won both the Suburban and Brooklyn, beat a high-class field in 1900. He was by all odds the best handicap performer of the year, and had no trouble in trimming his company decisively. Raffaello beat Herbert for the place. There were only nine starters.

The Keenes furnished another winner in Conroy the following year. The race was decided in heavy going, and the time-2:39—was excellent. Herbert got a little closer, and was the runner-up, and Standing was third.

BIG BET WON ON REINA. Last wear's Brooklyn is fresh in the memories of all followers of the game, and though it had been preceded by more than one fluke, it was the worst of them all Advance Guard was justly entitled to the support of the regulars that had seen him race earlier in the season, and he got it. Hines, that erratic and roguish son of Sir Dixon, which has within the week given another exhibition of his in-and-out proclivities, was the actual favorite. Riena, a mare of cheap class, and one that never before or since did anything to entitle her to a place in such company, won the race in a drive, with the true and mighty Advance Guard second and Pentecost third.

Albert Featherstone and his trainer, Julius Bauer, were the only persons at the track who bet to any extent on the winner, and it was a case of write your own ticket in the ring against her. A majority of the spectators knew that Advance Guard was pounds the best horse, and that he had not run his race.

Burns falled with him at a critical moment, and his owners, Carruthers & Shields, were outspoken in their declarations that he had not been given a good ride. Winnle O'Connor, however, got every ounce out of the winner, and rode a fine race on Reina. race earlier in the season, and he got it.

Henry Spencer is also in Austria, and, to gether with Fred Taral, nearly all of the great races are going to them. Spencer writes to Joe Scherrer, the former jockey regularly and says he likes the foreign game better than riding at home. Spencer had not been in his best form

Spencer had not been in his best form previous to his departure, but he was once the leading jockey of the country, and he can no doubt ride rings around the native talent over there without half tryins. Before reporting to his new employers Spencer paid Nash Turner a visit at the Vanderbilt training stables, near Parls. In his last letter to Scherrer Spencer says Turner and Ransch are riding a great many winners and are both very popular with the French.

Clem Jenkins up to Monday night had een offered three mounts in the Brooklyn Handicap. He had not decided yesterday whether he could accept any of them until he heard from his employers, the Sanfords, Jenkins refused to disclose what horses he had been invited to ride. "It's the surest hoodoo in the world," he

sald, 'to have to choose between mounts in an important race. It is better than 3 to 1 that a fellow picks the wrong one, and follows home the others he might have rid-

follows home the others he might have rid-den. "Out in Frisco three years ago Tod Sloan had practically the pick of half a dozen starters in the rich Christmas Handicap. He chose the favorite, Vesuvian, and it looked like he should win on the bit. At the last minute I accepted the mount on Eddie Jones, and he won pulled up at the finish. Tod was a miserable second. I beat him again in the New Year's Handicap a week later.

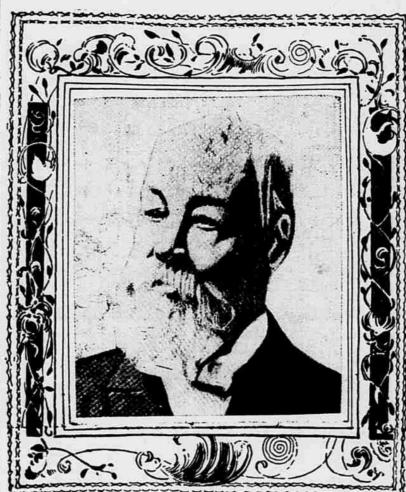
minsh. Took was a miserable second. I beat him again in the New Year's Handleap a week later.

"John Bullman had been promised the mount on Bonnibert, one of the favorite's for the American Derby of 1901. When Tom Weish arrived at Chicago he would not let Bullman ride, and put up one of the then fashionable Eastern jockeys instead. Bullman was disconsolate. He had a telegram from Weish in his pocket, promising him the mount, and he was about ready to go to the stewards with a protest when oid 'Virginia' Bradley gave him the mount on the ill-favored outsider. Robert Waddell, "Bullman and Robert Waddell, "Bullman and Robert Waddell, "Bullman and Robert Waddell, "Bullman and Robert Waddell, and how as a man and Robert Waddell, and how a so curious a contingency as a horse race. If I pass by the chance to ride a horse that beats me out in the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn, provided I ride at all, I won't be the one to announce the fact from the Brooklyn and the stranger of the

1898 the Brooklyn field was incompar-better, and two great thoroughbreds Jenkins is something of a philosopher, and profits by experience.



Doctor J. B. Rich, the Oldest Native of New York City. Enjoys the Pleasures of Life and Says He Is Ready to Run a Mile at Any Time.



DOCTOR J. B. RICH.
The aged New Yorker who is still an athlete.

New York, May 30 .- In a cozy apartment in Madison avenue lives the most remarkain Madison avenue lives the most remarka-ble and probably the o'dest native of New Prock City. Although turned 32 years old. York City. Although turned 92 years old, Doctor J. B. Rich is as active and as vigprous as any man half his age. His physique still retains the muscular devel-opment and powers of a trained athlete He is ready at any moment to run a mile if not at record-breaking speed, still at an erdinary racing pace. His figure is cred. his bearing military. He enjoys all the pleasures of life proper and becoming to a gentleman of means who has not yet turned his first half century.

Beyond a slight touch of rheumatism some years ago, he has escaped all the ills that flesh is heir to. Surely, if any man has solved the secret of perpetual youth it is Doctor J. B. Rich.

An hour's conversation with the grand old man is an education. He is no faddist. He freely expresses his contempt of all cranks. His theory of physical culture is bullt on sound and common-sense lines. Bu it is as a story teller, a relater of anecdotes of generations gone by, as a living historian, that Doctor Rich is at his best. His memory of his boyhood days and of each succeeding year is as bright and fresh as

cerning the New York of my boyhood's days. A little while ago we were told that the Hall of Records, now demolished, had originally been a prison similar to the Tombs. As a matter of fact the prison stood upon a site between City Hall and Broadway, near Murray street, now occupled by a clump of bushes screening a lavatory. The debtors' jail was at the other side of the park, and it was that which was converted into the Hall of Records.

"I was born opposite the Battery in 1811." continued the venerable doctor. "From our parlor windows we could see Staten Island on a clear day. One of my earliest recollections of playing hookey from school to go and wade or fish in the ditch which is now Canal street. There was not a house near at the time except three frame structures. At that time there was only a few dozen private carriages in New York, and I knew them all by sight, and who their owners were. I would watch out for them lest they should see me and tell my mother. My father had been killed in the war the I knew them all by sight, and who their owners were. I would watch out for them lest they should see me and tell my mother. My father had been killed in the war the year after I was born.

"It was during my early life in this city that I laid the fourdation of the enermous strength I afterward possessed. When about 18 I left for Paris to study medicine there. At that time I could break an inch deal plank with a blow of my fist. I was declared by experts to be a perfect man from a physical point of view. I weighed 18 pounds and measured 4 inches around the chest. My muscles were marvelously developed. I was proud, and determined if possible to perpetuate my superb manhood. When I reached Paris I was declared to be the strongest man in the world. From that time I have made it a constant study to retain my strength and my health. My system of physical culture is the crystallization of seventy years' experience and study."

study."
In support of his claim to the perfection of manhood Doctor Rich exhibited his hands, which even now are fit for sculptor's models. He pointed out that the "ruga" of his thumbs and finger tips—that is, the minute lines and markings used in the Berttilon system of identification—are arranged in perfect circless and he declared that such formation is absolutely unique.

HIS YOUTHFUL ADVENTURES.

"Of course, my strength as a young man

led me into many adventures," he said.

"After I had graduated, seventy-one years ago. I obtained an English passport and traveled extensively. It was then that I saw how England protects her subjects all over the globe. Although born in America, the passport gave me English protection. One night in Naples I was rudely buffeted by a man whom I promptly knocked down. He did not get up again. He had to be carried away. Of course, I was secured by a little army of gendarmes, and put in prison. Then I found the man I had chastised was the Duke of Padua, brother to the King. ago. I obtained an English passport and tised was the Duke of Padua, brother to the King.
"I sent word of my plight to the British Consul. There was a British frigate anchored in the bay. He promptly went aboard her and the Captain sent word to the authorities that if the English prisoner was not aboard that frigate within one hour the town would be bombarded. When I was rowed out to the ship fifty minutes later the frigate had swung round broadside to the town, the decks were cleared for action and the men stood at the guns. The second the hour expired the cannons would have beiched forth England's anger, and a bloody war might have resulted from my escannde.

escapade.

"safter that I entered the service of Mohammed All Pacha of Egypt. That was only about twenty years after his celebrated slaughter of the Mamelukes. He himself told me how those rebellious cavalry had been surrounded on three sides, with a precipice on the other, the cannon trained on them, and annihilated. Only one escaped. Riding his horse, he jumped the precipice and was miraculously saved. As an officer on the Pacha's forces I was with the naval expedition dispatched to take

SIMMONS-RICE RACE,

Fred Foster's Horse Defeated at Fair Grounds After Winning Eastern Feature.

SIMMONS WAS HIS CONQUERER

Both Horses Had Raced Over the Old Madison Course-History of the Brooklyn Handicap.

Local interest in the Brooklyn Handleap was never more strongly manifested than when Fred Foster's horse, Doctor Rice, was entered in 1894. At that time, the Madiso and East St. Louis tracks were in full blast and were the haven of even high-class horses in the winter months. The Madison track had not then been outlawed, and some good performers started over the

Foster was well known on the local courses, where Eloroy, Sullross, and other members of his stable were frequent performers. Doctor Rice was a good deal of a cripple in the winter of 1893, but was fixed up and sent East early in the spring. The mere fact that the horse had been racing over the local track made horsemen here

mere fact that the horse had been racing over the local track made horsemen here take an interest in the race.

Rice won the handicap rather easily. He was brought back West and was kept in great-eare for some time. He had been running in races with a horse named 8:mmons at Madison, and Tom Walsh, owner of the latter animal, kept insisting that 8immons could repeat a victory over Doctor Rice, even if the Doctor had won the Brooklyn in the meantime.

Foster was finally invelgled into a match which was carded for the Fair Grounds was arranged, five purses being hung up for competition. As both horses had local reputations, a big crowd turned out to see the race. Some trouble was experienced before the American Turf Congress, then the controlling body of the sport, would give its consent to the meeting, as one-day meeting were barred.

For a time it seemed as if the project would have to be abandoned, not only on account of this official objection, but also because the Turf Congress wanted to know something about Walsh's connection with horses who had raced over the Madison track, which had been outlawed in the winter of 1855. This was also arranged by starting Simmons in the colors of Pat Grogan.

Doctor Rice was a prohibitive favorite in the betting, being held at 1 to 3. Simmons was 2 to 1, but the volume of small bets sent his price down to 8 to 5, while Rice's price was as good as 2 to 5 in some books that held Simmons out.

The horses were sent away to a good start, and Doctor Rice was a prohibitive favorite in the betting, being held at 1 to 3. Simmons was 2 to 1, but the volume of small bets sent his price down to 8 to 5, while Rice's price was as good to 5 in some books that held Simmons out.

The horses were sent away to a good tart, and Doctor Rice opened up a gap of three lengths in the first quarter. At the half he maintained his lead, and the race locked all over, as Simmons's jockey had gene to the whip almost from the quarter pole.

Simmons never faltered, however, and running gamely under the whip

The Broklyn Handicap was started in 1887

by the Dwyer brothers, Michael F. and Philip J., who were the builders of the

Gravesend course, In those days the Dwyer brothers were a power on the turf. Michael Dwyer was faunous as a plunger and his big wagers ol his own horses were the terror of the bookmakers in the ring.

Phil Dwyer was of different lik. He was satisfied to let his horses run for the atake money. The result was that Mike Dwyer is now a comparatively poor man, broken in health—a physical wreck. Phil Dwyer is still in the best of condition and worth more than a million dollars.

Seven or eight years ago the brothers dissoved partnership, each taking several of the horses, the famous "red and blue sash" remaining as the colors of Phil Dwyer, while Mike took for his colors "white jacket and cap, gold tassel." Strange to say, the colors of the Dwyer brothers have never been seen in front at the finish of a Brooklyn Handicap, although from the first running of the race it was the ambition of both men to win.

The first Brooklyn Handicap was won by

Dry Monopole, owned by Sam Emery, a former Washington man, It was a terrific finish, Dry Monopole, Blue Wing and Hidalgo finishing noses apart. They ran the distance, a mile and a quarter, in 2:07 flat, a record which has never been lowered in the race since.

The second winner of the Brooklyn was A. J. Cassatt's great horse The Bard. The Dwyer brothers horse Hanover, one of the best horses on the turf in his day, ran a creditable second, with Exile third. The following year Exile, running in the colors of "Billy" Lakeland, moved up from third place of the year before, and won the Brooklyn, defeating August Belmont's Prince Royal, with Terra Cotta third. Exile afterwards sired many brilliant horses and lived until his tragic death a few days ago on a farm in New Jersey. Kind and gentle, he had been allowed to run at will in a large paddock, but when his groom went into the field to halter him Exile made a dash for him and the groom had only time to climb a friendly tree to escape being trampled to death. The frenzied stalling stationed himself at the foot of the tree and lashed and kicked violently; then turned on himself and tore the flesh from his sides and legs. Cries for help brought relief, and Exile was shot.

SURPRISE OF 1800.

The year 1800 saw a great surprise in the running of the Brooklyn. Walcott & Camp-bell's Castaway II led from "eend to eend" on a heavy track and galloped home ahead of Badge, the favorite, and Eric. A few days of Badge, the favorite, and Eric. A few days later Eric, in a match race, turned the tables on the winner, which proved that the condition of the track won for Castaway. Dave Pulsifer's famous swayback, Tenny, won the Brooklyn in 1891, defeating Prince Royal and Tea Tray. Tenny's victory was perhaps the most popular ever won in the Brooklyn.

In 1892 Green B. Morris's Judge Morrow furnished a surprise by defeating Pessara.

In-1892 Green B. Morris's Judge Morrow furnished a surprise by defeating Pessara and Russell, with the favorite nowhere. Another outsider captured the race in 1893. Lamplighter was a heavily played favorite, but Walcott & Campbell's Diablo proved a comfortable winner at the finish, with Lamplighter second and Leonawell third. Again, in 1894, the race was won by a "long shot," Fred Foster's Dr. Rice, a rejuvenated cripple, winning from Henry of Navarre and Sir Walter. James R. Keene furnished the winner in 1895, his horse.

Hornpipe at 29 to 1, finishing in front of Lazzarone and Sir Walter.

The galiant little Sir Walter was the winner of the Brooklyn the succeeding year, with the mighty Clifford second and St. Maxim third. On a heavy track in 1857 Howard Mann, at long odds, galloped home winner, ahead of Lake Shore and Volley, and the following year Ornament won, with Ben Holladay, second, and Sly Fox third. Banastar furnished the customary surprise by winning the race in 1859, defeating another long shot, Lanky Bob, with Fillgrane, the favorite third. Kinley Mack was the winner of the race in 1969, with Raffaelo and Herbert taking his dust. The Keene stable won the big race for the second time in 1991, when Conroy finished ahead of Herbert and Standing. Contoy was the first and only 3-year-old to win the Brooklyn, Last year Alfred Featherstone's Relina, with odds of 40 to 1 chalked against her in the ring, defeated Advance Guard by a head after a desperate finish.

TRIED TO SWALLOW SONGS.

Urchin Who Loves Music, Ate the Graphophone Disc.

Providence Forge, Va., May 36,-There is a small boy at this place whose desire for information and willingness to search for truth certainly merit a chromo of the most garish description. The urchin in question a few days ago smashed up a graphophone disc belonging to C. B. Burgh and ate the pleces. It was not appetite which prompted the lad's peculiar course, but a hunger for knowledge and harmony of sound. When asked why he devoured the strange morsel asked why he devoured the strange morsel the boy said they told him the words were sung to the disc by a great singer, and he thought he would eat it and thus have a little vocal music in his interior.

At last accounts the boy was getting along very nicely, but many think there will be something doing in his neighborhood ere long. And it may be the urchin and not the singer who makes the music.

RELIABLE CURES BY A TRUE SPECIALIST.



treated by dozens of other physicians. A SURE CURE

are afflicted with either BLOOD POI-SON, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, HY-

DROCELE, NERVOUS DECLINE, PILES, RUPTURE or any affection of the Kid-

neys, Bladder and Prostate Gland. You are wasting money and endangering your health in treating with ordinary

doctors and specialists. My systems

of treatment have established their reliability by permanently curing cases that had been unsuccessfully

Is what I will give you beyond a doubt if your case is curable; if not, I will not accept your money and promise to do anything for you. I accept only curable cases, and all my patients receive a written contract binding me to effect a permanent cure or refund money, and to insure those who deal with me against fraud I have deposited \$1,000 in a trust company to secure any man holding my contract and promise that I cannot fulfill.

NERVOUS AND SEXUAL DECLINE,

Or "Lost Manhood" and Its Positive Restoration.

There is not a man in existence who is troubled with Sexual Weakness that I cannot rebuild and strengthen so as to accomplish the greatest desire and experience the keenest satisfaction, and after I have cured a case of this kind there will never again be a sign of "Weakness," except brought on by imprudence.

Nervous Decline, Vital Debility, Failing Power, Lost Manhood and many other familiar terms are used to designate the one condition of an endless number of young and middle-aged men who are nervous wrecks and invariably affected with the same symptoms originating from a source brought about by such a train of evils as youthfur abuse, resulting in undevelopment of the private organs, Pelvic and Private diseases, which weaken the nervous system and impair both body and brain. The man who has disregarded health by early tolly and later over-indulgence in sexual practice, excessive use of alcoholic liquors, continued exposure, or even close confinement, overwork and worry, may have one or more of such detrimental symptoms as Night Emissions, Day Drains, Loss in Urine, Premature Discharge, Impotency, No Desire, Poor Memory, Nervous and Restless at night, No Physical endurance, noticed by Shortness of Breath and exhaustion during ordinary exercise; Weak Eack and many other like indications of falling health and an untimely end.

There is only one course to pursue for those whose lives are being overshadowed by the penalties of nature, and this is by resorting to medical science through a skilled Pelvic specialist. The young man laboring in hope that he is not in a serious condition from his boyhood folly and neglects to have himself rescued is committing a worse deed in allowing himself to follow a path that leads to destruction. If he is still practicing the error that his weakened system cannot resist he should by all means place himself in the care of a scientific specialist who can administer a thorough course of treatment that will remove the degenerating effects that induce continuance, making the mind and body sound and healthy and the faculties complete.

My Pelvic method is a thorough and scientific course of treatment which acts at once upon the nerve forces, stopping the drains, emissions, all the bad effects of indiscretion and replacing the worn-out and run-down tissues. It increases the weight with sound

GALVANIC ABSORPTION AND IRRIGATION THE ONLY CURE FOR

STRICTURED

treatment of thirty minutes by my Galvanic Battery application and irrigation combined. A method that separates the fibers of Stricture, pa them from the urethral canal, immediately reduces inflammation, giving instant relief from the torturing misery of painful and difficult urination, without a sign of blood, the least bit of pain, or an unfavorable symptom thereafter, and leaving the canal as natural as when born. NOT AN EXPERIMENT, BUT A METHOD THAT HAS PROVEN ITS UNFAILING

My price is high, compared with the amount for which you can be treated by a quack doctor without benefit, and the many cheap offers of "fakers," but I "deliver goods" that are worth a thousand times what I charge

Responsible men may settle with me when I dismiss them and they are satisfied of a cure: poor ones, who have spent all their money in doctoring, I treat free of charge.

The definition of Stricture is a disease in the urinary canal of men, when the passage of water is difficult, on account of obstruction. The most frequent forms of Stricture are Organic and Inorganic, or Spasmodic; the first is a formation of diseased tissue from the collection of poison matter secreted by septic membranes that are irritated by chronic inflammation, usually due to a private disease, and its treatment with strong injections; the latter is a severe inflammatory condition, which renders the urethra so sensitive as not to admit of the most delicate touch without spasmodic contraction, which closes the canal congelling the sufferer to painfully introduce a sound or catheter, which closes the canal congelling the sufferer to painfully introduce a sound or catheter. STRICTURE-ITS FREQUENCY, EFFECTS AND DANGEROUS COMPLICATIONS.

Millions of men are subjected to severe suffering by some form of Stricture that is brought on by a contagious private disease and its neglect or improper treatment, though it may result from causes of injury to the urethra. The symptoms of Stricture are varied, though the most frequent are twisted and divided stream, difficult and painful urination, discharge, leaking and dribbling of urine, enlargement of prostate gland, and other disagreeable effects too numerous to mention. There are more dangerous diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate that originate from neglected Stricture than from any other cause. There is scarcely a man having Stricture for and duration that is not troubled with Cystitis, an inflamed, paralyzed condition of the neck of the bladder that incapacitates this organ for regulating the flow of urine; and its symptoms are discharges of pus and the passage of highly-colored, ropy and offensive urine. The damaging effects of Stricture are not lacking to the whole system, for Nervousness, Short Memory and many other indications of general decline of the nervous system are sure to come sooner or later.

GALVANIC APPLICATION AND IRRIGATION THE ONLY CERTAIN CURE.

My method of curing Stricture in all stages is by introducing a current from a galvanic battery, which absorbs the substance that connects the cicatrix or fibrous formation, so that with a medicated irrigation the Stricture is removed in shred-like particles, leaving the cansi entirely free and unobstructed. If it is inorganic Stricture, by Galvanic Current and Irrigation I reduce the inflammation and stop the discharge at once, irritation, painful and frequent urination are stopped immediately, and in a few days the canal heals, resuming a perfect natural condition. I cure the most severe cases of Stricture with a single treatment of thirty minutes, and my records show that I have never accepted a man for treatment of Stricture and failed to make an absolute cure, and not a symptom of the trouble ever reappeard. Men should not be led to believe that they can be properly curred by surgical operations, internal medicines and injections, which are injurious, and result in doing more harm than the disease. There never was a complete cure by medical bougles, passing sounds and various patent medicines. I desire all strictured men to investigate my treatment by either calling or writing me, and physicians and specialists are at liberty to send their stubborn cases to me, which will be accepted at one-half price in order to demonstrate my certain method.

CONSULTATION FREE, CONFIDENTIAL AND INVITED.

I charge nothing for consultation, either by mail or in person, and every man suffering from any of the diseases I treat is at liberty to call or write, when he will receive courteous attention. Those living at a distance are requested to write, giving symptoms, duration and origin of their disease, and particular pains will be taken in promptly and privately answering. Every one who writes to me may feel assured that they will receive no mail from me except in answer to theirs, which will be personal and in a plain, sealed envelope, as I positively do not send out question blanks and second-class mail matter, which characterizes the many unreliable medical institutions. My treatment is administered by mail with the same success I make at my office, and my charges are always so reasonable as to be within reach of every one. Do not treat elsewhere until you have investigated my methods and terms. Office hours: 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 1. Address or call on

CHAS. A. DUFF, M. D., 810 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO. Directly opposite south side of Post Office, Burlington Building.



J. H. JANUARY, Of C. B. C., one of the college representatives in the 230 and 440 yard dasher